

# Squatter Sovereign.



A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MERCANTILE AFFAIRS AND USEFUL READING.

STRINGFELLOW & KELLEY,

"The Squatter claims the same Sovereignty in the Territories that he possessed in the States."

EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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## The Squatter Sovereign.

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past four, and here it's most five. What's become of her? She can't have eloped. You don't think she's been abducted, do you, mister? Speak! answer! won't you? Oh! I'm ravin' distracted! What are they ringing that bell for? Is the ship afloat? "It is the signal for departure—the first bell. The second will be rung in four minutes."

"Thunder! you don't say so? What's the cap'n?"

"That gentleman in the blue coat."

The Yankee darted to the Captain's side.

"Cap'n, stop the ship for ten minutes, won't you?"

"I can't do it sir."

"But ye must, I tell you. I'll pay you for it. How much will ye tax?"

"I could not do it."

"Cap'n, I'll give ye tew dollars," gasped the Yankee.

The captain shook his head.

"I'll give ye five dollars and a half—and a half—and a half—and a half!"

he kept repeating, dancing about in his agony, a mad jacks on a hot iron plate.

"O, you stunny hearted heathin!" murmured the Yankee, almost bursting into tears.

"Partin' man and wife, and we just one day married."

At this moment the huge paddle-wheels began to paw the water, and the walking beam descended heavily, shaking the huge fabric to her centre. All who were not going to New Haven went ashore. The hands began to haul in the gang plank; the fast are already cast loose.

"Leggo that plank!" roared the Yankee, collaring one of the hands. "Drop it like a hot potato, or I'll heave ye into the dock."

"Yo-yo!" shouted the men in chorus, as they heaved on the gangway.

"Shut up, you braying donkeys!" yelled the maddened Yankee, "or there'll be an ugly spot of work."

But the plank was got aboard, and the boat plashed past the pier.

In an instant the Yankee pulled of his coat, flung his hat beside it on the deck, and rushed wildly to the guard.

"Are you drunk or crazy?" cried a passenger seizing him.

"I'm going to fling myself into the dock and swim ashore!" cried the Yankee. "I mustn't leave Saira Anna in New York City. You may divide the baggage among you. Let me go! I can swim!"

He struggled so furiously that the consequences of his rashness might have been fatal, had not a sudden apparition changed his purpose. A very pretty young woman in a blue bonnet, white Canton crape shawl, pink dress, and brown boots, came toward him.

The big brown Yankee uttered one stentorian shout of "Saira Anna," clasped her in his arms in spite of her struggling, and kissed her heartily, right before all the passengers.

"Where did you come from?" he inquired.

"From the ladies' cabin," answered the bride. "You told me half-past four, but I thought I'd make sure and come at four."

"A little too punctual!" said the Yankee.

"But it's all right now. Hallo, cap'n, you can go ahead now. I don't care about stopping. Come him losing the passage money and the baggage—come nigh gettin' drowned, Sairy, all along of you—but it's all right now. Go ahead, steamboat! Rosin up there, firemen! Darn the expense!"

When the sun set, the loving couple were seen seated on the upper deck, the big brown Yankee's arm encircling the slender waist of the young woman in the blue bonnet and pink dress. We believe they reached their destination safe and sound.

### Lighting the Lamps of Heaven.

I send you—says a correspondent of Knicker—the following little incident of your "Table." It struck me as one of the most unique explanations of electrical phenomena I had ever heard. A little girl, the idol of a friend of ours, was sitting by the window, one evening, during a violent thunderstorm, apparently striving to grapple proposition too strong for her childish mind. Presently a smile of triumph lit up her features as she exclaimed, "Oh, I know what makes the lightning: it's God lighting his lamps, and throwing the matches down here!"

An exchange says Professor Mapes thinks dogs can reason. We doubt it. If they could, they would not make such asses of themselves as to do a mile in 2.30, just because a tin callender is fastened to their tails.

### Revolutionary Anecdote.

The following incident connected with the Revolutionary war has just found its way into print:

In 17—, while our country was at war with England, the Tories, as they were called, unwilling to espouse their country's cause,

Left their country for their country's good. As Tories and traitors always should.

Among the number who thus left for the British dominions in Nova Scotia, was my Aunt F., with her Tory husband.

During the war, an American privateer was sent, approaching L—, where my aunt and other Americans were located.

At the approach of the ugly looking stranger all the Americans fled, except my aunt, who kept a small store near the place of entry.

Having secured what she could from her shop, she hastened to her house to secure her valuables there; also, but the officers of the privateer were too close upon her heels to allow her to secret much.

They came upon her just as she was entering a chamber which had been previously left in some confusion. Seeing the officers so near to her, she turned in an instant, and, with her usual quickness of invention—for she was always ready for a turn—said to the leader, "I hope you will pardon the appearance of my room, as we have just had the small pox in it, and have had time to put things to rights since the patient was carried off. It was a word and a blow, as we say. In his haste to escape the officer turned upon his heel, and in turning fell over the staircase and rolled down to flights of stairs into the street, dropping from its scabbard an elegantly mounted sword, which he left behind as a prize to my old aunt. Picking himself up as best he could, he was joined by his comrades, and very soon the privateer had her sails spread and was out of sight and out of danger, leaving my old aunt to laugh over her well-timed stratagem, and to hunt for her money-box, which was found some months afterwards among the current bushes in the garden, just where she placed it herself when she took it from the shop.

### An Arithmetical Difficulty.

"John, I can't endure such rudeness any longer. Come here, my son; we'll see if the 'rod of correction' won't drive it from you."

"I don't mind the licking, pa; but I'm afraid it won't do me any good."

"We can tell better about that afterwards. But why do you think so, John?"

"Why, doesn't the arithmetic say that 40 rods make one rood (rude)?"

"John, you are an incorrigible lad. Turn around here: we'll see how much it takes to make an acre (ache-er)."

"Oh don't pa: please don't. I guess it will be *aford long* (a furlong)."

### Too Anxious by Half.

An amusing affair happened lately between a coal dealer and a purchaser. The latter was very anxious to see that the former did not cheat him, and so he (the purchaser) inspected the weighing of the coal himself.

The purchaser noticing the laughing of the driver, asked him, when he received it, what it was about.

"Why," said he, "when your coal was weighing you were *standing on the scales*, and was weighed with it."

"Is it possible? why I weigh nearly two hundred pounds!"

"Well, sir," said the driver, you are *sold*."

"Yes," was the reply, "and I have bought myself, too."

### Seven Born Fools.

The angry man—who sets his own house on fire that he may burn his neighbor's.

The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do.

The robber—who, for the consideration of a few dollars, gives the world liberty to hang him.

The hypocrite—who whose highest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable.

The jealous man—who poisoned his own banquet and then eats of it.

The miser—who starves himself to death in order that his heir may feast.

The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemies an opportunity of proving him a liar.

The editor of the Rutland Herald, just married to a Boston girl, says that a pair of sweet lips, a pink waist ribbon, a swelling breast, and a pressure or two of delicate hands, will do much more to unbind a man as three fivers, the measles, a large sized whooping cough, a pair of lock-jaws, several hydrophobias, and the doctor's bill.

### A Philanthropist Nonplussed.

Our friend Brown has, or rather had, in his possession a fine but very old English silver watch. This watch was the property of his grandfather, whose bones are now mouldering near Breed's Hill, and Brown dearly prized the relic; so much so that, although a man of wealth and substance, instead of wearing a modern and costly timepiece he carried no other than the antique article we allude to.

Brown was sitting in his counting-room in Beaver Street the other day, when a soiled and greedy-looking individual called to solicit charity, stating that his wife was lying dead, and being destitute of money he was unable to bury her. This touched Brown's heart, for a tale of woe works powerfully upon his sympathies, and handing the mendicant a V. he took his address, in Ninth Street, promising to call and render further assistance, upon which the beggar was so overcome with gratitude, that he could not be prevented from giving Brown a hearty embrace.

After an hour or two, Brown rode up to Ninth St., to see how matters stood, for there was an air of woe-begone wretchedness about the applicant, for his charity, that he supposed nothing but the most terrible suffering could produce; but, when he reached the spot, the number designated was a vacant lot! Brown had been sold—cheap.

Here's a nice idea, thought he; three hours gone for nothing; and he pulled out his watch to corroborate his own estimate of the time. No, he didn't pull it out, either; somebody had anticipated him; the watch was gone. And then Brown grew emphatic in his demonstration of the purloiner, and vowed—no, he didn't quite vow—that he would never do another charitable deed; but he registered a pledge between himself and the lamp post, that he would never again unbait either his heart or his pocket until he was sure the recipient of his bounty was worthy of it.

But the watch must be recovered, and the steps to accomplish it were his next consideration. Accordingly he advertised in a morning paper a reward of fifty dollars for its recovery, which was about twice its value, and wound up the advertisement with the assurance that "no questions would be asked."

The next day Brown was at dinner in a private room at Delmonico's, with a select party of friends, when a waiter announced a visitor. Excusing himself to his company, he stepped out into the hall, and there stood the fellow to whom he had previously donated the V., holding in his hand the missing timepiece.

You promised to ask no questions—here's your watch, sir," was the unblushing remark of the rascal who claimed the reward.

Parley was no use. Brown paid over the money, heartily rejoiced that he had recovered his treasure, and had turned to re-enter the room, when a thought struck him. Confronting the thief, he said:

"See here, I know you're a rascal, and so do you; but I promised to ask no questions, and I won't. Yet, if you will tell me how you contrived to steal my watch, I'll give you another five dollars."

To this the fellow assented, and gave Mr. Brown ocular evidence, how in the demonstration of his gratitude he had abstracted the "ticker" while embracing him for his benevolence.

The promised V. was handed over, and the overjoyed thief made his exit.

When Brown re-entered the dining-room, of course the incident up to the time of his ride up Ninth St., was repeated to his guests.

"Mighty ingenious rascal!" was the comment of one.

"Most unaccountable ingratitude," said another.

"Yes, gentlemen," added Brown, "and after I had given him the five dollars, in the incoherence of his gratitude he embraced me and then stole my watch. I advertised it like a mother; makes it hush when it becomes naughty; obliges it to desist from swallowing thimbles, chalk, marbles, three-cent pieces, pins, or any other food unsuited to its stomach; compels it to go to sleep when it doesn't want to; and if somewhat older, it sees that it keeps its hands off the sugar bowl and jam-pots, besides making it keep its face clean; and all by the power of its 'back-action.'"

An eminent rider has undertaken, for a heavy wager, to ride the well known horse *Chemut* against the celebrated horse *Redish*. He will use the saddle of *nut-ton* and the spurs of necessity for the occasion.

Read the last line in this column

### The Sympathizing Women.

If we were called upon to describe Mrs. Dobbs, we should, without hesitation, call her a sympathizing woman. Nobody was troubled with any malady she hadn't suffered. "She knew all about it by experience," and could sympathize with them from the bottom of her heart."

Bob Turner was a wag, and when one day he saw Mrs. Dobbs coming along the road toward his house, he knew that, in the absence of his wife, he should be called upon to entertain her, so he resolved to play a little on the good woman's abundant store of sympathy.

Hastily procuring a large blanket, he wrapped himself up in it, and threw himself on a sofa near by.

"Why, good gracious! Mr. Turner, are you sick?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, as she saw his position.

"Oh, dreadfully!" groaned the imaginary invalid.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, a great many things. First and foremost, I've got a congestion of the brain."

"That's dreadful," sighed Mrs. Dobbs. "I came pretty near dying of it ten years come next spring. What else?"

"Dropsy," again groaned Bob.

"There I can sympathize with you. I was troubled with it, but finally got over it."

"Neuralgia," continued Bob.

"Nobody can tell, Mr. Turner, what I've suffered from neuralgia. It's an awful complaint."

"Then again I'm very much distressed by inflammation of the bowels."

"If you've got that, I pity you," commented Mrs. Dobbs, for three years steady I was afflicted with it, and I don't think I've fully recovered yet."

"Rheumatism," added Bob.

"Yes that's pretty likely to go along with neuralgia. It did with me."

"Toothache," suggested Bob.

"There have been times, Mr. Turner," said the sympathizing woman, "when I thought I should have gone distracted with the toothache."

"Then," said Bob, who, having temporarily ran out of his stock of medical terms, resorted to a scientific name, "I'm very much afraid that I've got the *tethysauris*!"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said the ever-ready Mrs. Dobbs; I had it when I was young."

Though it was with great difficulty that he could resist laughing, Bob continued:

"I am suffering a good deal from a sprained ankle."

"Then you can sympathize with me, Mr. Turner. I sprained mine when I was coming along."

"But that isn't the worst of it."

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Dobbs, with curiosity.

"I wouldn't tell any one but you, Mrs. Dobbs, but the fact is—here Bob groaned—"I'm afraid, and the doctor agrees with me, that my reason is affected—that, in short, I'm a little crazy!"

Bob took breath, and wonder what Mrs. Dobbs would say to that.

"Oh, Mr. Turner, it is possible," exclaimed the lady. "It's horrible! I know it is. I frequently have spells of being out of my head myself!"

"Bob could stand it no longer; he burst into a roar of laughter, which Mrs. Dobbs taking for the precursor of a violent paroxysm of insanity, she was led to take a hurried leave.

What would the world be without Yankees? In this age of human improvement generally and baby shows in particular, how refreshing it is to hear of such a "real blessing for mothers" (and fathers, too, for that matter), as the following:—

Mr. Eliphaz Stubbs, a live Yankee from Connecticut, is the inventor. It is a "Patent Back-Action Spanker," which, on being attached to a baby of any age, watches over it like a mother; makes it hush when it becomes naughty; obliges it to desist from swallowing thimbles, chalk, marbles, three-cent pieces, pins, or any other food unsuited to its stomach; compels it to go to sleep when it doesn't want to; and if somewhat older, it sees that it keeps its hands off the sugar bowl and jam-pots, besides making it keep its face clean; and all by the power of its "back-action."

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### BY AUTHORITY.

Laws of the United States.

[Public 204.]

AN ACT making Appropriations for the Contingent Expenses of the Indian Department, and for fulfilling Treaty Stipulations with various Indian Tribes, for the year ending June thirtieth, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the following sums be, and they are hereby, appropriated, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the purpose of paying the salaries and contingent expenses of the Indian Department, and fulfilling treaty stipulations with the various Indian tribes.

For the current and contingent expenses of the Indian Department, viz:—

For the pay of superintendents of Indian Affairs, per acts of fifth June, eighteen hundred and fifty, twenty-second February, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, and third March, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, twelve thousand five hundred dollars;

For the pay of the several Indian agents, per acts of fifth June, eighteen hundred and fifty, twenty-second February, eighteen hundred and fifty-one, and third March, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, twelve thousand five hundred dollars;

For the pay of clerks to superintendents at St. Louis, Missouri, per act of twenty-seventh June, eighteen hundred and forty-six, one thousand two hundred dollars;

For the pay of clerks to superintendents in California, per act of third March, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, two thousand five hundred dollars;

For presents to Indians, five thousand dollars;

For provisions for Indians, eleven thousand eight hundred dollars;

For building of agencies, and repairs thereof, ten thousand dollars;

For contingencies of the Indian Department, thirty-six thousand five hundred dollars;

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